

THE FRESNO MORNING REPUBLICAN

Fresno, Fresno County, California.

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The Great Newspaper of the San Joaquin Valley.

Largest Circulation - The Most News

Newspaper

THE FRESNO MORNING REPUBLICAN

Additional Local on Pages 1 and 4

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

TRAINS LEAVE FRESNO AS FOLLOWS:
 10 A.M.—LOS ANGELES EXPRESS—Daily, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Fran.
 12:30 P.M.—EXCHANGE—Daily, for Colton, Mendota, Fresno, San Francisco, Sacramento, Oregon and A.M.—MIXED TRAIN—Daily, for Lathrop and all way stations.
 1 P.M.—FRESNO TRAIN—Daily, for Fowler, Selma, Kingsburg, Clovis Junction, connecting at Junction with mixed train for Visalia, Tulare, Bakersfield and all east stations.
 10 A.M.—SOUTHERN TRAIN—Daily, for Merced, Fresno, Porterville, Orosi and East.
 12:30 P.M.—MIXED TRAIN—Daily, except Sunday, for Visalia, Tulare, Bakersfield and all west stations.
 1 P.M.—FRESNO PASSENGER (via Livermore)—Daily, for Merced, Lathrop, Stockton, San Joaquin, Fresno, Visalia, Tulare, Bakersfield and all west stations.
 4:30 P.M.—PASSENGER TRAIN—Daily, except Sunday, for Bakersfield, Raymond and all way stations.
 5 P.M.—MIXED TRAIN—Daily, for Merced, Fresno, Visalia, Tulare and way stations.
 6 P.M.—FRESNO PASSENGER (via Livermore)—Daily, for Merced, Lathrop, Stockton, San Joaquin, Fresno, Visalia, Tulare, Bakersfield and all west stations.
 8:30 P.M.—SOUTHERN ATLANTIC EXPRESS—Daily, for Los Angeles, New Orleans and San Fran.
 RICH GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
 T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

United States Department of Agriculture

Weather Bureau.

FRESNO, October 27—Observation taken at 8 o'clock in the afternoon:
 Barometer..... 30.15
 Temperature..... 61
 Dew point..... 49
 Rainfall, 1/16 in.
 Wind, N.W., miles per hour..... 14
 Maximum temperature for past 24 hours..... 43
 Rainfall past 24 hours, inches..... 0.12
 Total rainfall for season, inches..... 1.12

NOTICE TO READERS.

Owing to the short time allowed for printing the Great Register this year, the available typographical force of the town is insufficient to do the work. The regular force of THE REPUBLICAN is required to put in more than half its time on this work, and hence it is unable to handle the amount of news and other matters of interest which is usually found in the columns of this paper. Within the next three days the work will be completed and the thousands of people in the San Joaquin valley who look to THE REPUBLICAN for the news every morning will have no further cause to complain.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

"Fresno No. 1" (new brand).
 Get a piano tuned by J. Ashdown at Kohler & Clates'.
 Chicken dinner with ice cream at "The Lytton" dining parlors, 25c.

Harvest home festival service will be given at DeWitt hall this evening.

What is "Fresno No. 1" in the market.

Lecture to young men at Christian church tonight. Subject, "Portraits of Tackers".

Mr. Olaus Hill will ride against previous records made over 100% mile course.

Sunday (today) at 2 o'clock.

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CHECKMATED.

My lady spent a golden hour
Last night with me at the chess,
And now she's gone, and I'm never
Yours, though you are.

With little hands, like leaf of fern,
Can save destruction work;
Those dear eyes a magic fire,
A sight unfolds that strikes.

My lady loves you game of chess,
You're called a clever fellow;
With little hands, like leaf of fern,
Then when my cohorts yield.

Alas, if I dared to press my cast
Would she be cold and grave?
Or would she smile in sweetest mirth,
Answer I do dare?

My blushing maid my love shall please;
My love will help her, and she'll need
My castle guard her resting place.
My king whom erst did all the wrong,
Shall now a willing knave,
My queen-ay, and a queen alone,
She plays at chess with me!—Godey's Magazine.

DEsertion.

The sun was just rising as the small
tugboat steamer, or, to be more correct,
steam barge, the Bulldog, steamed past
the sleeping town of Gravetown at a
good six knots per hour.

There had been a little discussion on
the way between her crew and the engineer,
who down in his grimy little engine
room did his own stoking and
everything else necessary. The crew,
consisting of captain, mate and boy,
who were doing their first trip on a
steamer, had been transferred at the
last moment from their sailing barge,
the Witch, and found to their disappointment
that the engineer, who had not ex-
pected to sail so soon, was terribly and
absolutely drunk. Every moment he
was resolved to run his boat straight
down the river until he came to a holt
for want of steam, the mate caught the
rope by the steng, and the Bulldog went
down the river with her boat made fast
to her stern.

"Come aboard, you—you lunatic!" he
shouted.

"Not afore I know 'ow I stand," said
the engineer, who was now beautifully
sober and in full possession of a some-
what acute intellect.

"What do you mean?" demanded the
skipper.

"I don't come aboard," shouted the
skipper, "until you and the mate and
the boy all swear as you won't say noth-
ing about this little game."

"I'll report you the moment I get
ashore," roared the skipper. "I'll give
you in charge for damage, I'll—"

With a supreme gesture the engineer
prepared to dive, but the watchful mate
put his hand on his neck and tripped him over
a seat.

"Come aboard," cried the skipper,
aghast at such determination. "Come
down there, on he's off mad."

"If I knew nothing of them blessed
engines," growled the skipper. "I'd go
an' hit 'im over the head."

"But you don't," said the mate,
"and neither do I, so you'd better keep
quiet."

"You think you're a fine fellow," con-
tinued the engineer, "standing up there
on playing with that little wheel. You
think you're doing all the work. What's
that boy doing? Send him down to
steer."

"To 'm," said the skipper, grinning
with fury, and the boy reluctantly
obeyed.

"You think," said the engineer pa-
thetically after he had pulled the boy's
head and dropped him down below by
the scruff of his neck, "you think be-
cause I've got a black face I'm not a
man. There's many a holly face I'da
good at."

"I don't think nothing about it,"
grunted the skipper. "You do your
work and I'll do mine."

"Don't you give me none of your
back answers," belloved the engineer.
"I've won't be 'em."

The skipper shrugged his shoulders
and exchanged glances with his sympathetic
mate. "Wait till I get 'im
ashore," he informed.

"The 'hiller' is worn out," said the
engineer, reappearing after a hasty dive
below. "It may bust at any moment."
"It's only the hop," said the mate.
"I thought it was the 'hiller,'" said the
skipper, with a significant smile. "It was
busted enough."

As he spoke the boy lost his hold
of the wheel, and rendered desperate
with fear fairly fought his way past the
engine and gained the deck.

"Very good," said the engineer as
he followed him on deck and staggered to
the side. "I've had enough of you, I'd."

"Hadn't you better go down to them
engines?" shouted the skipper.

"Am I your slave?" demanded the
engineer testily. "Tell me that—
I'll have you."

"Go down and do your work like a
sensible man," was the reply.

At these words the engineer took un-
brage at once, and scowling fiercely re-
moved his greasy jacket and flung his
cap on the deck. He then finished the
drab while he had brought up with
him and gazed awfully at the Keeshol
shore.

"I'm going to have a wash," he said
loudly, and sitting down removed his
boots.

"Go down to the engines first," said
the skipper, "and I'll send the boy to
you with a bucket and some soap."

"Bucket?" replied the engineer acon-
fusedly as he moved to the side. "I'm go-
ing to have a proper wash."

"Hold him," cried the skipper sud-
denly. "Hold him!"

The mate, realizing the situation,
rushed to seize him, but the engineer,
with a mad laugh, put his hands on the
side and vaulted into the water. When
he rose, the steamer was 20 yards ahead.

"Go astern!" yelled the mate.

"How can I go astern when there's
nothing but the engine?" shouted the
captain impatiently as they swept past again.

"Put her round again," said the
mate. "I'll go for him with the boat
back to 'em!"

The mate, who was sweating astern,
ran madly aloft, and the mate tumbled
into her, followed by the boy, just as
the captain was in the middle of another
circle, was making again for the engine.

"Look out for the line," shouted the
mate warningly.

"I don't want your line," yelled the
engineer. "I'm going ashore."

"Come aboard!" shouted the captain
impatiently as they swept past again.

"We can't manage the engines."

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